A Medieval Romance-Life of Napoleon III .- Excursions in the Domain of History and Piction -Books Received.

The most notable book of the year, in the form of short stories, promises to be that written by Miss Gwendoline Keats, who uses the pseudonym of "Zack." and publishes her stories under the title "Life is There is a challenge in the mere mention of such a title that will make a literary audience prick up its ears, and it is only fair to say that the profound interest of the intelligent render will be un-flagging and continuous from the first to the last of these terrible, tearing, tearless stories of human depravity and passion. This book marks the debut of its author in contemporary literature, and with all its evidences of power is a curious combina-tion of weakness and strength. There are twelve stories in the volume, each of which is the crystallization of an idea, and these ideas cover a rather extensive field. The sum and substance of the argument is that it is better to face the facts of life and, cruel though they may be, still show that they may be used to noble ends by forti-tude and submission to the old beautiful order of the moral universe.

There comes a time to most men and

women who have lived, when "Life is too real for dreams," as the Red-haired Man

women who have lived, when "Life is too seal for dreams," as the Red-haired Man said, and "dreams are hell." The things for which we have striven as most worthy of achievement shrink and shrivel and disappear. The course of ambition is checked; hope, that seemed so divine, so comfortable, is frustrated; effort becomes futile; sorrow, with its care and canker, comes upon us in utter disillusionment of all that youth held dear and sacred; the desire of the heart is unfulfilled; the agony of love withheld and of love withdrawn brings loneliness and leaves a dumb endurance and a slient unsatisfied longing.

The morning of life that began so gaily is already eclipsed in a noontide blur of tears and a mist of pain. The glery and the gleam have departed; life has become too real for dreams, and the soul turns and rends itself. "Life 's life," then, as blind Joe's wife said to him, "and oh, lad, it's hard to live it." This is the starting point of the philosophy underlying the book of stories before us, a philosophy which, whether through insight or experience, touches the universal heart and thus appeals to the great world of men and women who have gone down into the deeps.

They all have extraordinary vigor; few deeps.
They all have extraordinary vigor; few

women who have gone down into the deeps.

They all have extraordinary vigor; few would surmise the author was a woman—but the mere telling is in places decidedly amateurish, and the very directness and force of some pages make the fumbling work on others insistently obvious.

At the same time—and this is the root of the matter—all the tales are imaginative. The ideas are idealized and paramount. The hopeful lad who seeks his fortune in Australia only to find physical blindness; with his eyes torn out; with his bleeding face; with all of his subsequent suffering, teaches the bitter but wholesome lesson that, for most of us, life as life is hard and is something to be endured; the widow who glories in her motherhood, though her sons are drunkards all; the lamed boy, tying on his bed and dreaming of travel; the wife who adores her husband, yet drives him to surrender to justice; the terrible struggle of the inebriate to master hand is on the puise of the reader when the young Englishman, Humphrey, goes out to Australia to find his mother, but only to find his real father—a brute among the Australia to find his mother, but only to find his real father—a brute among the Australian strikers—in this manner:

The strikers had tied a rope around the boy and thrown him into the river, "a hundred hands tore at him, buffeted, raised, shot him up and forth on what seemed an everlasting journey through space; then the ange of his flight changed, and he began to fall downwards; again a seemed to feel the hands, tearing at his vitals this time, till with a crash he struck the water, which closed over, crushing him in a heavy emitace. He was hauled ashore and lay with the wind knocked out of him, afraid, sickeningly afraid, not of the men, but of that long flight through the air, and those terrible, invisible hands clutching at him as he fell down towards the sharpedged water."

Bullocky, who proved to be his father, came forward, when they had dragged the

him as he fell down towards the sharpedged water."

Bullocky, who proved to be his father,
came forward, when they had dragged the
boy to shore, and kicked him severely. "The
boy staggered to his feet. "You cowardly
cur." he cried, 'I will never give in to you.'
A moment later and a blow, planted above
the heart, sent him (Humphrey) reeling
down the bank; a snag struck his eyes,
tearing away the sight."

The book abounds in such curdling unpittable descriptions of suffering as this
and is absolutely devoid of all sentiment.
The author is certainly a Hardy woman,
and has a brilliant future before her. (New
York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

A Medieval Romance.

Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, in the mim of Giulo Brandolini, professes to have discovered certain manuscripts detailing the covered certain manuscripts detailing the adventures of Filippo, a medieval member of the Brandolini family. The story is entitled "The Making of a Saint," but it rather seems to be his unmaking in many respects. A first glance into the book, falling upon the mention of Girolamo and the Pazzi, encourages the fancy that this is another-Florentine romance, and it at once assumes an alarming interest. But close scrutiny shows that this is not our old friend Girolamo Savonarola, but Girolamo Riario, who ruled the little province of Foril, on the Aendilian Way, in the fifteenth century. The historical background, however, is not oppressive. The story takes the form of memoirs, the writer of which is the Beato Guiliano, brother of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi, known in his worldly life as Filippo Brandolini. Precisely who was the saint, or what in that age of golden names went to the making of a saint, is not conspicuously revealed. In Mrs. Craigie's "School for Saints" we somehow felt that it was self-sacrifice. Mr. Maugham's hero enjoyed a season of honey, as he termed it, and then a season of gail, which was related to the other as realization is to hope. For a time he "forgot to drink the dregs at the bottom of the cup. This was while he was pendulating between Claudia, another man's wife, and Glulia, who, as Claudia described her, was like the sun, for she "gathered all men in her embrace." Mr. Maugham seems to be under the impression that he has written a very naughty book. He is "painfully aware" that the persons of his little drama had not the morals which they might have acquired at an English public school. Revenge, flattery, inidelity, he has pictured with some degree of success, quantity mixing with the more flagrant vices a fondness for the confessional and a love of children. But the amative enthusiasm of the story strikes one as of the ready-made order. It lacks the strength and originality of the benoust scenes of "Quo Vadis," with which, in a large view, it is inevitably compared. Mr. Gilbert J adventures of Filippo, a medieval member of the Brandolini family. The story is en-

A Man of Destiny.

The "Life of Napoleon III.," by Archibald Forbes, is by all means deserving of a foremost place among all that has been written regarding the strange, eventful career of an emperor and nephew of the career of an emperor and nephew of the emperor whose name was destiny.

Browning has drawn the character of Louis Napoleon in one of his finest and most characteristic forms, and a great dead of Hterature has been built up around this remarkable figure in whom such power was vested, by the French constitution of 1852, as has scarcely ever devolved on mortal man. He was absolute master of a great people standing in the van of modern civilization, masier of the foremost nation of Continental Europe, and he could boast that he was Dictator by the free will of the millions whose fate ky in his hands. The political institutions which he had called into existence, from the state downwards, centered in him; all the public servants of France derived their authority from him. From the prison of Ham he had reached at length the Tulleries, and the eyes of the civilized world wore bent intently on the man who, after having surmounted vicissitudes so strange and so varied, was now the absolute ruler of a great nation, and who, whenever he chose, might mount the steps of an imperial throne. Mr. Forbes describes exhaustively the condition of the French people of the period and shows many of the causes that made the Franco-Prussian war inevitable. The mantling flush of ever green and wonderful memories, that are inseparably connected with the name of Napoleon, is a guarantee of interest, and the many and varied excursions Mr. Forbes makes around

his subject combine to render this history his subject combine to render this history invaluable to all, and the all is a multitude, who are students of the memoirs of the Bonaparte family. The edition contains handsome illustrations of most of the celebrities of the period and is written in the graceful style that has already won the author an appreciative audience. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"Scribes and Pharisees" is the unique and appropriate title of a story of literary London, by Mr. William Le Queux. The author inscribes the novel to the merry Bohemians, of Paris and London, who write and paint, and modestly hopes that they will forgive any criticism and not seek to discover the originals of many of his characters.

The story opens in the studio of three knights of the brush, in the famous old Quartier Latin, of Paris. As is not unusual among the minions of Art, two of the three students were not legitimate children of students were not legitimate children of the Muses and the third was not at all responsible for his talent.

The interest of the book centers in Bertram Rosmead, one of the three inimitables, who barters his brush for a pen and gazes wistfully over the field of literature. In this magic field he sees many people gathering daisies and, as is most natural and compatible for a philosophical beginner still sitting on the ience, he muses just between himself that if others are gathering daisies, he might be able to hoe up a few dandellons. On this capital he sallies forth out of pocket and falls in love. Becoming editor of a rural sheet in England, he writes stories and poems for other editors to return with thanks, and eventually drifts into cosmopolitan journalism, from which obscurity he issues, on the last page of the book, as a popular novthe last page of the book, as a popular nov-elist. The portrayal of the life of the average literary man in this character is ex-tremely good, and while the book is rather of unequal interest, it is a clever story cleverly told. (New York: Dodd, Mead &

Excursions in Wonderland.

Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth has made charming translation from the Italian of "Pinocchio's Adventures in Wonderland," one of those unique tales of a lively fancy that has its own little world and atmos-phere, with much of the originality of "Alice in Wonderland," and the same ver-

After in Wonderland, and the same versimilitude.

The fancy of the canvas writer makes the wooden puppet live, suffer from the consequences of many amusing pranks, and finally, seeing the errors of all such thoughtless ways, turn into a happy, living, well-behaved, manly boy.

The book has the qualities of purpose and uniqueness, making a world of its own childhood, where the tancy sees the puppet alive and wonders what it will do next, and the child becomes the puppet and the puppet becomes the child. The feet of the lively Pinocchio go astray and get trapped, and into places where follows feet of the lively Pinocchio go astray and get trapped, and into places where follows the rain of tears, but the affections of the miraculous little image are always true and return to the parental bosom again.

The book is one to make a child think and live, to laugh and be true; it stands alone; it is something new in the literature of the imagination for children, and is so droll that the boy or girl would be likely to tease his mother to read it over to him many times. (Boston: Jordon, Marsh & Co.)

Love and War. In his little book, "Soldier Songs and Love Songs," Mr. A. H. Laidlaw has collected and published some very musical verses. and published some very musical verses. The songs, relating to love and war exclusively, are arranged alternately, and many of them have a very catching and breezy swing. There is no poetry here, but some degree of moving sentiment finds happy expression as in this verse of which the last line is the refrain of a charming song:

As I stroll by the stream where you stray,
A beam is reflected afar,
Which seems, on the waters, a ray
From a lonely and luminous star.

What is it that sweetens my sight.
That lightens the leaf-burthened skies?
What is it, my Love, but the light
In the depth of your beautiful eyes? THE REVIEWER.

Books and Their Makers. The new volume in the Cambridge edition will include all of Tennyson, on the same fine, thin paper which made a one-volume Browning possible. Dr. Rolfe has written a biographical sketch.

Mr. Henry James' new novel, entitled "The Two Magics," will be published early in the autumn by the Macmillan Company, who will also publish early in the fall "Dr. Pascal," by Zola, translated by Mary J.

The report that James Whitcomb Riley, in collaboration with Paul Laurence Dunbar, is engaged in writing a comic opera is entirely without foundation. Mr. Riley Ill publish two books this fall including will publish two books this land some work which his friends believe to be among the best he has done.

There will be five issues of the Youth's Companion in September. The principal contributors will be Justin McCarthy, who describes the oratory of some of the great men whom he has known in the British house of commons: Ceptain Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N., who tells how "The Old-Time Frigate" was handled; Percival Lowell, who writes of "The Alms of the Modern Astronomer;" the Duke of Argyll, who contributes "A Chat About Herons;" and the Countess of Malmesbury, who describes "A Hollday in Spain."

"The Memoir of Bismarck," by Dr. Moritz "The Memoir of Bismarck." by Dr. Moritz Busch. will be published immediately by the Macmillan Company. These secret peges of the great chancellor's history were written by Dr. Busch during twenty-five years' intercourse with him. They throw a flood of light on many vexed questions of European politics during the past sixty years. Some years ago it was rumored that Bismarck had sent his personal memoirs to England with the view to their

Books Received.

ROSE A CHARLITTE. By Marshall Saunders. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.59.

THE FATE OF A SOLDIER. By Henry K. Sienkiewicz. New York: J. S. Oglivie Publishing Company. Price, 25 cents.

LIFE IS LIPE. By Zack. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

THE MAKING OF A SAINT. By W. Somerset Maugham. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, \$1.50.

PINOCCHIO'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND. Translated by Hezekiah Butterworth. Boston: Jordan, Marsh & Co. Price, 30 cents.

HOPE THE HERMIT. By Edna Lyall. New York: Longmans. Green & Co. Price, \$1.50.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY. By Martha Baker Duth. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, 50 cents.

A LITTLE PURITAN RUBEL. By Edith Robinson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, 50 cents.

Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, 50 cents.

Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, 50 cents.

Books received through Bryant & Douglas and the Kansas City Book and News Company. All disorders caused by a bilious state of the system can be cured by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. No pain, griping or discomfort attending their use. Try them.

Study Worse Than Physical Labor. According to careful estimates three hours of close study wear the body more than a whole day of hard physical exer-

The sudden drowning of a good swimp is not due to a cramp, says a high medical authority. The explanation is that the frum of the ear is perforated and the pres-sure of water causes vertigo and uncon-

SPAIN'S ART TREASURES

PAMOUS PICTURES THAT ARE IN HER PUBLIC GALLERIES.

There Are to Be Seen the Finest Ex amples of the Works of Murrillo and of Velasquez-Other Great Works.

From the Chicago Post.

There are citizens among this "nation of shopkeepers" who would be willing to say to Spain when the day of final reckoning arrives: "Keep your Pearl of the Antilles and your other jewels of the sea, and give to us instead the gems that hang on the walls of your galleries, your palaces and your cathedrals." The American who loves art will remember how he drew a long breath of wonder and delight as he stood before the embarrassment of riches spread out before him in the Museo del Prado at Madrid. Of course they belonged to him then while he was enjoying their beauty and recalling the history, poetry and leg-ends connected with them, as pictures do belong to those who are fond of them, and he has brought some of them away with him on the walls of his memory, where he may in imagination behold the delicious coloring of Titian or the delightful curves of Murillo. But to have these treasures in his own America, where he may really see and study them at will! The very thought is intoxicating. However, this was war for humanity's sake, and it would not be humane to deprive the Spaniard of this source of enjoyment, for even the common people of Spain are proud of their great masters, and a hack driver in Seville will point to a statue and say. "There is Esteban Murillo; he was born here!" in the same tone of veneration with which a French peasant will exclaim at the sight of a certain genial face on an old medal, "Behold our Henry IV."

Museo del Prado.

The Museo del Prado contains the finest collection of paintings in the world, representing all the celebrated schools. Many of the Italian pictures in these rooms were sesenting all the celebrated schools. Many of the Italian pictures in these rooms were selected by the great Velasquez himself when he was sent to Italy for that purpose by Philip IV. Velasquez' best works are among the sixty-four pictures in this collection, among them the celebrated "Forge of Vulcan," "The Spinner" and "The Maids of Honor." In the last named picture, formerly called "La Familia," the artist represents himself at work upon portraits of the royal family and their attendants. It has been said of him that he neither refined nor vulgarized, but painted faces just as he saw them, and it is a comfort to know that this family was at least no homeller than here represented. One wonders if the great artist did not grow weary sometimes painting over and over again those heavy lips and long jaws. He must have hated the immense hoops and long, box-like corsage worn by the women and little girls of his time, and one would like to know if Velasquez really approved the way in which that very plain child, the Infanta Maria Teresa, stands in her enormous crinoline, with a stiff little bow of ribbon in each little stiff curl, a rose in one hand and a handkerchief in the other. like the good little girl of our childhood's primer. We have Philip IV. on horseback, Philip IV. with his dog, Philip IV. ready for the chase. Philip IV. as has been the case more than once in the abstory of art, has a great painter immortalized a small ruler, for the educated world is familiar with the king's face shown in the portraits by Velasquez, or photographs of them, but how many, even among the educated, people, know very much about Philip IV. himself? Velasquez has only depicted him as a mortal: nowhere is ne seen in heaven astonishing the angels, as Philip II. is represented in Giordano's wonderful painting on the ceiling of the stairway in the Escorial.

Few of the works of Luis Morales, called "El Divinio." are to be found outside of

II. is represented in Giordano's wonderful painting on the ceiling of the stairway in the Escorial.

Few of the works of Luis Morales, called "El Divinio," are to be found outside of Spain; four of them are in this collection. This is the painter who, upon being told that he was to be presented to Philip II. put all his money into a costume to appear before that ascetle sovereign, who himself was always in black like a raven. If this audience had taken place on the day upon which the news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew reached Spain, Morales might have found Philip in a good humor, for on that day his laughter echoed through the gloomy walls of the Escorial, but the king met Morales when in a most ungracious mood and flying into a fit of rage at sight of the extravagant finery of the unfortunate man, dismissed him in disgrace. We are told that he relented later, and upon learning that the artist was very poor allowed him a pension for the remainder of bis life. A portrait among the Dutch collection is of Mary Tudor, and was sent to Philip II. before their marriage. From what we know of this queen we realize that this portrait must bear a lifelike resemblance to the original, for the expression is cold and the eyes are small and cruel. What a contrast to the face of Isabel of Valois, Philip's third wife, who must have been a saint, indeed, for She was the only human being that Philip everloved, and the favorite child of the flinty-hearted Catherine de Medicis.

The Great Murillo.

The Great Murillo.

Painting was a religion with Murillo, and t almost seems as if a part of his soul had were written by Dr. Busch during twenty five years intercourse with him. They throw a flood of light on many vexed questions of European politics during the past stone of European politics during the past stone of European politics during the past should be painted. A girl who has yet end and the third the view to their publication without restriction after his canth. It has been himted with some reason that Dr. Busch's memoirs are those to which this rumor referred.

The Cook-Stove is a new figure in poetry, a contemporary writer of womanly verse wrathfully shoves aside all her gentler instincts and dashes at the cook stove, over the pages and around the corners—of her book—in full lift amount of the following Erolic the seap-sat is a common thing. The bread-tray needeth not rour love; The bread-tray needer not roughly needed to be proverly, and some of them of the proverly, and some of them of the proverly and some of the saying already quoted might of the proverly and the proverly been transferred to some of his "vaporous"

Mrs. Winslow's SOUTHING STRUP for chil-dren teething softens the gums, reduces inflam-mation, allays pains, cures wind colic: 25c bottle.

"It really made me indignant, Henrietta." said Mr. Meekton, "when you intimated that I had not accomplished much in this life." "These, I don't like to dispute your opinions. But to suggest that a man who has succeeded in becoming your husband hin't achieved much does seem just a little bit unjust."—Washington Star.

Constipation, which gives rise to many grave troubles, is cured and prevent-ed by Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them and you will be convinced.

One of the newest things in the building line is the aluminum hut for the Klondike miners. When packed for carriage it weighs 110 pounds. It is composed of four sides and a roof of thin sheets of aluminum, and when put up the house contains 190 cubic feet.

"My grandparents married in haste."
"And did they repent at leisure?" "Oh, yes, both lived to be over 90."-Truth.

WOMEN'S INTEREST.

An old-fashioned way of making stockings last is to run the heels; use a darning needle and rather coarse yarn, and do it on the wrong side, taking, of course, the long stitches on that side, and the short ones on the right; as the stitches wear off in spots they can be renewed. For persons whose skin is not sensitive, a lining or cap of silesia or cambric is still better; it should be smoothly fitted.

One thing is worrying the cheerful idiot: How are the people who name a child after every hero going to manage it in these hero-making days?

This is the time of year when one begins to think a little less vehemently about moving out into the country.

These are the days when many a woman gets out last winter's wrap and decides whether to "make it do" or indulge in a new one.

The fancy waists for next season will be quite as elaborate and intricate in their effects and trimmings as are those of the summer. The airy yokes, vests, chemisettes, guimpes and plastrons will merely be changed for those of rich brocade, plain and fancy velvet, tucked and shirred silk, or satin embroidered wools sheer as India textiles, and countless other rich and effective materials appropriate for the season.

The orders of decoration borne by the The orders of decoration borne by the emperor of Germany are said to be werth a little over \$220.09. His principal and most valuable decorations are the insignia of the Black Eagle, the Order of St. John, of the Garter and of the Toison d'Or. In all he has over 200 crosses, stars, badges and other insignia. It is said that he takes them with him on all his journeys and voyages, his hunting expeditions excepted. The coffer containing the decorations is in the constant care_of an officer of the court, who accompanies the kaiser everywhere. On returning to Berlin the coffer is locked up with the crown jewels in the treasury.

In Paris the empire model has many partisans, as has also the princess robe. Both will be worn to a greater degree there than here. So far our American women have given these scant favor, but Dame Fashion predicts they will "go" before the winter is over. The shape of all the advance models of capes leads one to suppose that was read to have a transition. ose that we are to have a transition to he time of Empress Eugenie and have 'cry sloping shoulder effects. This is forme out by a new shaped yoke seen on a smart gown for early fail wear. It did a smart gown for early fail wear. It did not terminate at the top of the shoulder, but descended over the arm in a straight line with the breast. There will be a per-fect craze for decoration, that will not confine itself to the bodice and skirt alone, but will extend to capes, coats, pelerines and fur garments.

and fur garments,

A German officer is reported to have invented a new kind of lace. He first pounds together about lifty or sixty leaves of a special tree, on which live small caterpillars peculiar to Bavaria. This composition, when reduced to a pulp, is thinly spread on a state, and on this smooth surface a design is drawn with a pencil dipped in olive oil, and then the greedy caterpillars are placed on either side of the slate to at once begin their work of destruction by eating away as quickly as possible the layer of paste, without touching, however, the traceries of the oily pencil. The result is what we should call a stencil design, but whether sufficiently firm to be utilized as a dress trimming is not stated in the report. The process is at least most ingenious, and appears to deserve more the name of stenciling or applique work than of lace. We must wait for further details.

Fans are smaller, but never were more beautiful. Some of the less expensive empire fans in crepe de chine are painted with howers, which are continued on to the ivory sticks; others, in pure white silk, display quaint figures, small trailing leaves and an outline of paillettes; while some of the newest lace fans have the ivory mount divided into two by means of a strip of lace, which is separated from the strip of lace by the ribs of ivory inlaid with spangles. Many of the most lovely lace fans have gauze let in, and are tenderly painted, while the chicken skin fans, with tortolse shell mounts, form the background for the most beautiful paintings. Others, again, such as black silk with ivory mounts, are not only painted, but inlaid with gold. again, such as black sik with ivory mounts, are not only painted, but inlaid with gold, and some of the gauze faus have quaint floral patterns in spangles. Ostrich feather fans have not gone out, but they are for the moment subsidiary to the painted

The wearing of real lace is to be a be coming but expensive feature of the coming season's fashions. Those who have a store of old lace will wear it on gowns and mantles and tucked in their dainty bon-nets. Those who have not, and who are disinclined to buy, will adopt the wonder-ful thread imitations so well made these ful thread imitations so well made these days that only an expert can tell them from "real" lace. Lace of less fine work-manship will be employed for the pretty little boleros and the redingote effects which, with elaborate trains, are to adorn evening dresses. Ruffles formed of white chiffen with black chenille spots all over and large, deeply pointed rose leaves accompany many of the theater wraps and the lace lackets which bid fair to be so great a feature in this autumn's novelties. One dress skirt over another is only one of the freaks of fashion for light gowns, and lace and diaphanous material are needed for them all.

For them all.

Philadelphia Press: A woman's home must be an expression of her own taste, and must prove the fact of her economy of time and strength and money. She must not feel herself superior to the most careful planning, nor reject the most trifling means toward accomplishing success in home management; indeed, she should be proud of an ability to make a nickle go as far as possible, and so oll the machinery of service that it seems to run itself. When the head of home affairs can arrive at this point of experience she has reason to be proud of her management. It is possible for one who at the start did not possess the faculty of running things without fuss to become through training so sure of swift and certain effort that she can stand serien and happy, a very queen, whether in her kitchen or in her parlor. The wife and mother who thus conquers does not reach her secure position without much discipline, many drawbacks and frequent discouragement; but if she keeps always the great and blessed end in view—that of creating and holding home happiness, comfort and love—she must win in the end. And this running will not mean necessarily the sacrifice of any worthy ambition or of her most delicate tastes.

Another handy volume which can be had at the book stores is a complete treatise on at this pamphlet.

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Philadelphia Press: A woman gowned in a blue foulard, cut by a master's hand, walked into one of the smartest tailor chops yesterday carrying a straw basket in the shape of a Gladstone bag.

The affair was neat, compact, and she swung it easily by the loop in the leather stranfortering it. strap fastening h I curiously watched her open it; she took

out a tailor frock, carefully folded, and went back with the fitter for alterations. It gave me a good idea.

How I have fumed over having to carry a big, ungainly, brown paper parcel through the streets when it bumped against my knees and kept me from holding my skirt was to say nothing of the original against my knees and kept me from holding my skirt up; to say nothing of the original pride in one rising up against carrying parcels like a bundle woman.

If you are wise and feel like all women about bundles, buy one of these baskets. They are for railroad luncheons or picnics, are flat and graceful.

This woman carried it with the ease and grace she would carry a parasol. It detracted not in the least from her charming costume, which was evidently donned for a luncheon.

It is a little thing like this that marks the line between a dainty and a "sloppy" woman.

woman. Everyone knows that trouble of getting a gown or part of a gown to the di makers.

makers.

One may spend money on a messenger
boy if one lives in the city; or write to the
dressmaker to send for the gown. One costs money; the other loses time.

If you happen to live in the country you can't do either. The dressmaker won't send; messenger boys do not congregate

So the bundle question presents itself to So the bundle question presents itself to you forcibly. There is often a run for the trolley or train and the bundle flies open; people scowi at the room you and your bad-looking bundle take, and you feel as uncomfortable as you are making others.

But the neat little basket with its flat top and its leather strap and loop, cuts the knot, solves the problem, soothes you.

The basket not only serves for clothes, but another woman—to whom I told the story—says she uses hers for a host of emergencies.

emergencies.

She was going up to the hospital then with magazines and newspapers for the soldlers and was piling them up in this basket. One could even take one's laundry down to the washerwoman, if that uncertain per son hadn't put in an appearance. Do you want help of any kind? The Want columns of The Journal is the quick-est and surest way to secure competent and reliable help.

THE DUELLO IN CUBA

AFFAIRS OF HONOR SCHEDULED TO BE FOUGHT IN HAVANA.

Dr. Congosto, Secretary General, Has Several Dates-Figures in Many Disputes With American and Spanish Newspaper Men.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean. (Dueling is one of the institutions of Cuba, Probably with the evacuation of the island by the Spanish forces it will go as the buil fight and the lottery will also go. There were, however, several affairs of honor which it was promised should be settled by a resort to the code as soon as the cessation of hostilities permitted the prohibition laid by General Blanco on dueling to be raised. The captain general would have no resorts to arms among quarreling army officers and civil officials during the blockade.

Dr. Congosto, the Cuban secretary gen-eral, who was formerly Spanish consul at Fhiladelphia, has several postponed events on his hands. He had many disagreements with Consul General Lee, and among the ignorant Spaniards of Havana it was the common belief that the secretary general would hold General Lee personally responsible for the troubles which were thicken-ing around the Blanco administration. Congosto had also many bitter quarrels with the American newspaper correspondents. He frequently told them that only the duties of his official post kept him from calling them out. His flereest quarrel was with one of the editors of the most violent Span-ish newspaper published in Hayana. The two men came to blows, and formal chal-lenges were reported to have been exlenges were reported to have been exchanged. At the time when Sampson's fleet was guarding Havana harbor and the peaceful blockade was likely to give way any day to bombardment its presence caused less excitement than the impending duel between the secretary general and the journalist. Blanco's veto on the duel ended the excitement, but the sequence is now due. There is in the Cuban capital a German of some notoriety as a fighter, who, if he carries out a declared purpose, will never let Congosto leave Cuba without giving him a gentleman's satisfaction for insults which could not be resented at the time they were received. received.

Benths Are Not Infrequent.

The Havana editors have usually shown willingness to back their opinion by resorting to the code, though it is not invoked with the same frequency as among French editors. A few weeks before the American consuls were withdrawn from the island the autonomist government was honeycombed with intrigues and then by dissentions. An outcome of this situation was a prospective duel between Ferdinand de Castro, the present civil governor of the province, and the editor of one of the autonomist newspapers. The town was full of a rumor one night that the meeting had taken place and that one of the principals had been wounded. This was untrue, but the reality was that stern orders and energetic action on the part of Blanco had prevented the meeting. Several of the Havana editors and reporters have records as duelists. One of them has his office ornamented with weapons of all kinds, some of them trophies. The indiguant subscriber who wants a retraction is given a chance among them.

The Union Club, of Havana, which, without being fast, is not slow, has a room which is devoted to arms and tales of practice and of prowess there sometimes foreshadew the settlement of a difficulty. Fencing is a leading diversion, and facilities for pistol practice are not lacking. In the rooms of a building overlooking the Prado and the Central park; several duels have been fought. A year or more ago a young man, a member of a well known family was found dead in one of these rooms. In his pocket was a letter saying that his purpose was to commit suicide and giving directions in regard to various personal matters. He had been killed in a duel. The circumstances were all known, but neither the surviving principals to write a letter of this kind. Usually its existence does not become known, because a fatal result is almost as rare as in German students' duels.

Local Record of Duels. willingness to back their opinion by resort-ing to the code, though it is not invoked

Local Record of Duels.

There is a local literature of dueling which is much read. On the shelves of the Havana book stores can usually be found a pamphlet which gives a complete account of duels fought for a period of years. The compiler is an ardent admirer of the code. His pamphlet gives the names of the prin-His pamphlet gives the names of the chalcipals and seconds, the causes of the chalcipals and seconds, the causes of the chalcipals and seconds, the causes of the chalcipals and seconds of the combat. A few fittal endings are recorded. Quarrels over politics appear to be a common cause of duels. Then there are those "insults unprovoked," which in the United States would be called barroom squabbles. In some cases a discreet hint is given that a woman's honor had been rashly questioned and atonement made. A suggestion is also occasionally conveyed that a disagreement arose at the gaming table. This is apt to have been the cause when the principals were members of the Circulo Militor, or Spanish Military Club. Formerly high stakes were played for at this club and the efficers quarreled. Some names that were well known in Havana a decade or two ago appear in this pamphlet.

Another handy volume which can be had at the book stores is a complete treatise on arms and dueling. A portion of its contents was published, it contents the contents was published.

A LIVING WITNESS.

Mrs. Hoffman Describes How She Wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for Advice, and Is Now Well.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-Before using your Vegetable Compound I was a great sufferer. I have been sick for months, was troubled with severe pain in both sides of abdomen, sore feeling in lower part of bow-

els, also suffered with dizziness, headache, and could not sleep. I wrote you a 4 letter describing my case and asking your advice. You replied telling me just what to do. I

followed your directions, and cannot praise your medicine enough for what it has done for me. Many thanks to you for your advice. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me, and I will recommend it to my friends .-- Mrs. FLORENCE R. HOFFMAN, 512 Roland St., Canton, O.

The condition described by Mrs. Hoffman will appeal to many women, yet lots of sick women struggle on with their daily tasks disregarding the urgent warnings until overtaken by actual collapse.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometimes past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

LIST OF UNCLAIMED LETTERS. Remaining in the Postoffice at Kan-

sas City, Mo., September 21, 1898.

Persons calling for these letters will please say they re advertised are advertised.

Free delivery of letters at the residence of addressed may be secured by observing the following rules:
Direct letters plainly to street and number.
Give writer's full name and request answers to be
directed accordingly.

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Cady Mrs S L Carpenter Jennie B Casey Ella Cloncer Clary
Conway Monte
Cory Stella
Cory Stella
Craylord Hanche (
Crawford Hanche (
Crawford Mrs G R Cason Henrietta Cawthorn Mrs A W Cessnoe Mollie Charlton Misses Christy Mrs W E Clay Mrs Clara (3 Clayton Lillian Cune Mrs Cunningham Mrs S B

D Deforme Mrs Chas Duncan Lillie DeRome Marion Dreher Linnie Davis Mrs Hattie Davis Mrs S M Delavan Mrs Fannie Delay Mrs I M Delony Mrs Bettie L

Edmanson Mrs B E Elliott Mrs ida L Elmlinger Mary Engle Mary Epps Gladys Evans Amenda Evans Mrs J Frazer Mrs Lida Freadenburg Mrs Susie Freland Mrs Thes \ Freiton Mollie Farrar Addie Fiersheim Mrs O S Fish Miss H J Ford Mrs Mary Los Forg Ella

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Hinton Oille
Holland Mrs Adell
Helly Lue
Holts Mamle
Horton Mollie
Horsefield Laura
Howell Elia M
Hughes Mrs Rosetta
Huldron Minnie
Hunter Mrs Pearl
Huston Jessie
Hutcheson Dr Mary R
Hynes Flora
Hyskell Februsse
Hylan Cannibal

Irving Mrs Lola Johnson Lizzie
Johnson Mrs Martha
Johnston Mrs Mary
Jones Effic
Jordan Mrs Mayne Jackson Effie Jackson Mrs Marrie James Florence Jamison Mrs P A
Johnson Ellen

Kirk Mrs Ellen Knack Hattie Knight Mrs Lufe Knarek Mrs J R Kramer Mrs Ida Kultz Algea C

Lebousky Pertha Leslum Mrs L Linderman Mrs J Louis Misses Lahmann Mrs Bell Landers Mrs Mary Lauker Grace Lavin Miss Lawrence Lula (3) McGuire Mrs Thomas McGuire Mrs Mary McIntosh Mrs J H McArdle Mrs 3

Minear Mrs James Mitchell Mrs Don Monroe Mrs Lula Montgomery Mrs M Moore Efmma Moree Maud Mores Miss E A Morgan Etta Morris Guetia Morris Guetia Morris Mrs P A Nocrisey Mettie

Morrison Mrs Carrie
Morrison Mrs Carrie
Mundon Nanie
Murdock Mrs R E (I)
Murphy Mrs E L
Murphy Mrs James
Myers Mrs E J

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Strick Naomi
Straley Mrs M C
Strickland Mrs M
Strong Mrs J E
Styles Mabel
Swan Mrs D M
Swartz Emma (2)
Swiney Mrs J

Taylor Lelia Tery Nancy Thomas Mrs James Van Allen Jennie Vaughn Mrs Emma Vancho Mrs Mary

W Wahn Alma Waiker Mrs Bell Ward Mary Wardell Mrs Watkins Mrs May Williams Ida Williams Ida
Williams Mrs Susie
Williams Mrs Mr Susie
Wilson Mrs M P
Wood Mrs C E
Wood Mrs C E
Wood Luft
Wooks Mrs Laters
Woolectt Mrs Walter
Woolf Sophie
Wright Anna Watson Minnie Welsh Eva L Westfall Mae Wetzig Mrs Bell White Mrs Eliza

White Mary Wissler Mrs E A Young Belle Young Anna M Gentlemen's List.

A Ashballe Owen Bordey Willie Bowling John Boyd J H Barber J W Barber Louis Barnes C H Boyd J H Boyer Harry Brann M A Brewer Jesale Brings E Hrockshouse Mr Brooks Henry Hrough H A Browne George Brown W D Bruce William Bryan John Buntur Robert Byers W Barnes V S Barrer Morton Beason Gus L Beck W C Beckett Bradford

Cline L
Clove Henry
Collin V S
Colliny John
Combs J S
Commer J Will
Combs Henry
Connor John
Cox Henry W
Crawford Perry
Craddock Paschal Calvert Cluke Campbell Frank
Cantrell H E
Carber W S
Cave Edgar
Cavanaugh M C
Chandler Prof
Chandler W M Chapman Dwight Chatham L J Clark Mr

Clark E V D Dougherty Hugh Douglass William Dryefuss W Dukes Tony Dunagan Chas Davidson Ernest Davidson Erner Davidson S L Davin L C Ditmars Fred Degraffenreid F Doids John J Evans Jess

Faulkner Char Fenion P J Fickinger H M Fisher Hayen Fisher J E Fisher W D Flanery Ed

Faulkner Charley

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Graybeal William Green Parry Grimes Floyd Grimes Lon Gelott Madison lienkie John Henry J S Henry J W Herrmann Am Hewett W S Haddock W R Hagerman L V Hall W S Hamilton New Arnold Hicks William E Hansens Chr Harges Mr Harris George D Harrison Dr J N Harrison Dr N F Harry J O Harrey E Holensworth Jam Holensworth Jam Hollett H Holtet H Hottell Dr J A Howard Bob Hult Leonard Humphrey Robt Humpnot H O Hunnicut Jas Hunseeker S Hunseeker S Hunter Dr Harry J O
Harkey E
Haskins J H
Hathaway Robert
Hayden John
Hayes Rev J G (2)
Henderson Johnson
Henderson Rev I T
Henderson T J

Irwin Wm T Johnson William Jones Herbert S Jones L T Jones Walter W Jorden 3 G

Lamb L L Lambert Dr Lark C A Laster Frank Lehnson August Lenora Clarna Lewis Edward Lewis Dr J H Lewis Mellie Livings Chester Lowe Levi McCarty Jas J McClalland J M McClelland J M (2) McCormick Arvey

McDill W M McDonald W b McDonald W J McGuire John McKenney H E McLaughlin C C McMahon P J McNeill Wm G Milton Gus
Mitchell A W
Moore A P
Moore Clark
Morrill C H
Moss Harry
Moss Jasper H
Mulien C A Marshall Geo H

Munson Chas H Murray John S Noe L P Narcott George R Norton B Nicholson H L Nickens Eugene Nizon A R Osburn Junious Ogburn D Junious

Plate W A S Porter C L Price Jesse V Purket Eugene Palmer J L Payton J C Phillips N J Pierce Edd Rice Geo W Richard Jno Richardson Geo Robinson Mr Ruhl Fred Russell Z N Raiston J Harry Raynes J Recter Oan Reed Charley Reed Will F Reeck Dr I M Rhea Willie

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Tasco Wilton D Toomey J E Thayer John S Taylor Ernest Taylor L N Tanner William Tenney Frank I Trent C E Tremler Sam B Trimble Chas Trimble C O

Valerio

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Waldrue Benj W
Wagner Harry R
Wallace F C
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Western Novelty Mfg Co Cote Bros
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E A German & Co
M K Goety Brg Co
Herren Schilshiris & Co

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Hydern Emma Silverman Mrs Ella Gentlemen. Hisey B B
Hunn C
Ivers James
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McGee Bill
Mayhood Robert
Murphy John
Nelson Charli J
Focino Francesco
Poore M
Roberta Kellie
Stavens Charlie
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Stavens Charlie Adams William Baldwin Harry Baker J Barlow A Chas Boggs Harry M Brush Mr. Hiemer Chas H Child Geo L Dunson Will Epps J Geo L Parley Milton E Purlong Michael Foster Roy Fleirsheim Mr. Grant C L Harrington John Harrington John

Rare Offhand Speeches. om Youth's Companion. A group of literary men were discussing

the other day the rarity of spontaneous eloquence or wit. "I was at a dinner once in New York." said one, "and was seated next to Major Hay, who, you know, had been Lincoin's secretary. Somebody making a speech exclaimed:

"'In genuine eloquence the words come hot from the heart. No nobler speech was ever uttered in America than Lincoln's address at Gettysburg, and I am assured it was wholly spontaneous. He had not given it a thought before he rose to

given it a thought before he rose to speak."

"While he was delivering it, said Major Hay to me, aside, I had the fifth copy of it in my pocket."

"I, too, remember a dinner in New York," said another, "at which all the foremost men in journalism and literature were present. The speech of the evening was made by George W. Curtis. It sparkled with wit and apt allusions to the men present, evidently inspired by the moment. Once he stopped, interrupting himself, and exclaimed:

Once he stopped, interrupting himself, and exclained:

"I see my friend, Judge D., looking at me doubtfully, but I must remind him that he, too,"—going on with some brilliant raillery that brought down peals of laughter. As we rose to go out I said to the editor of a Boston paper:

"Who but Curtis could pour out impromptu wit like that?"

"Impromptu? said the newspaper man. I had proofs of all the speeches given to me this afternoon to send to Boston tonight. Let us look at his.' We looked, and there it all was, word for word, even to the 'I see my friend, Judge D., looking at me doubtfully,' etc."

"I knew Artemus Ward," said a third man, "when he was a reporter on a Cleveland paper. One evening in the office he told a story, apparently a mere trifle, the flash of a moment.

"Browne,' said the chief, 'how can you say such clever things offhand?"

"Offhand!' muttered Browne. I told that to mys-if fifteen times this afternoon!' Ten years afterward I heard him tell the same story to a brilliant London audience, without the alteration of a comman."

"Even to make a good joke," remarked a listener, "work apparently is needed as well as genius."